A

SERMON

Preach'd at

ASHBY DE—LA—ZOUCH,

On *Friday, March* 14, 1760,
Being
The DAY appointed by his *MAJESTY*
For
A *PUBLIC HUMILIATION*
To implore
The *Favour* of *overruling Providence*

To the NATION,
And
His *Protecting* it from the *SWORD*
Of
The *implacable Enemies* of its *LAWS,*

LIBERTY, and *RELIGION.*

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(Price Six-Pence.)

SERMON

THE

PREFACE.

TO *ſhew the* abſolute Neceſſity *of a* flouriſhing State *of* Religion *to the* Safety *and* Proſperity *of a Nation; to awaken in the Breaſt of now* ſignally *victorious* Britain, *by ſpecifying her flagrant, epidemical Vices, a* lively Senſe *of the* Danger *ſhe is expoſ'd to from the brandiſh'd Sword of her Enemies, and ſo excite to a Reformation of Manners, as the* only Way *to ſecure the continu'd Protection and Smiles of the ſupreme all-diſpoſing Being, are what the following Diſcourſe aims at. To theſe important Ends, 'tis hop'd, it may, in ſome Degree, contribute.*

The Prevalence of Virtue, a Nation's only Security.

ISAIAH 1. 19. 20.

If ye be willing and obedient, ye ſhall eat the Good of the Land.

But if ye refuſe and rebel, ye ſhall be devour'd with the Sword: for the Mouth of the LORD hath ſpoken it.

THE Certainty of a divine Providence, *ſuperintending* and *directing* the *whole* Series of *Events* in the Univerſe, demonſtrates the *Reaſonableneſs* and *immutable Propriety*, not only of a Nation's offering to the ſupreme, overruling Deity a Sacrifice of *warm Thanksgiving* for public Bleſſings, and ſignal Deliverances vouchſaf'd it, but likewiſe, in Times of Danger, of imploring his

his *gracious Protection* of it, and deprecating his *Viſiting* it with ſuch Calamities as its *numerous* and *aggravated* Crimes may deſerve. The *hearty*, *public* Performance of this Duty, by all the Members of a Community, is a *proper* Means to reform *black*, *reigning* Enormities, and revive a *dying* Spirit of *Religion*, in a Nation; and *conſequently*, to ſecure its *Tranquility* and *Proſperity*, and prevent the *Infliction* of ſuch *deſolating* Judgments as *threaten* it, and are *juſtly* due to its *abounding* Iniquity. For a Society, in which *Virtue* flouriſhes, Heaven will favour with his *Protection*, and crown with *national Bleſſings*, but a Land, overflown by a Deluge of *obdurate Wickedneſs*, *muſt bleed* under the *ſevere* Stroke of omnipotent Juſtice. *Certain* it is, Vice ſhall *not* paſs unpuniſh'd, under the Adminiſtration of a *righteous* God. The Guilt indeed of *particular* Perſons may not, in the *preſent* Scene of *Diſcipline* and *Probation*, meet with its *adequate* Retribution, the future, awful Day of *Judgment* being the Time of God's rewarding and puniſhing, according to the *exacteſt* Meaſure of *Equity*, the Actions of *Individuals*. But, as a Nation, polluted by the foul Stain of *general*, *ſtubborn* Corruption, can be puniſh'd, as a *Community*, *only* in the *preſent* State, the *Juſtice* of the almighty

ty Monarch of the World declares, that he will ſhower down his *Judgments* upon it, as a Puniſhment for its *Depravity*. Sovereign *Mercy* may interpoſe, and ſtay, for a *Time*, the up-lifted Hand of *Juſtice*, to give ſuch a Nation Space to *repent*. But, if it *continues impenitent*, that the vengeful Thunder bolt will *not* burſt upon it, it can have *no* Reaſon to hope.

And as it appears *certain*, upon conſidering the *Juſtice* of the great King of the Univerſe, that he will viſit a Land *obſtinately* abandon'd to Vice with *ſevere* Tokens of his Diſpleaſure, ſo ſuch a Step is *perfectly* agreeable to our natural Notions of him, as the *wiſe* and *good* Governour of Mankind. For the loud Thunder of God's Judgments upon a Nation, overrun with moral Diſorder, may be *abſolutely neceſſary* to *alarm* reigning Guilt, and *awaken* Men from that *profound*, *dangerous* Lethargy, in which Vice has lull'd them, and ſo be the Means of ſtemming the *Tide* of Corruption, which, *without* ſuch a Check, might ſwell to an *overflowing Deluge*, and, with an *irreſiſtable Impetuoſity*, bear down *all* before it. The *Threatnings*, denounc'd in Scripture, may not be regarded, to the *ſtill* but *perſuaſive* Voice of divine *Mercy* epidemical Vice may

be

be *deaf* and *unattentive*. But in *ſevere Viſitations* for prevailing Degeneracy, which exhibit ſuch *bright* and *ſtriking* Signatures of God's exerciſing a *moral* Government over intelligent, accountable Agents, ſhe can ſcarce *avoid* reading her *ſad* Fate *here*, upon her *Impenitence*, and anticipating from them, with *Horror*, her *more dreadful* Doom *hereafter*. For if incenſed heavenly Majeſty rains down the *bitter* Drops of his *Diſpleaſure* upon national Guilt, in the *preſent* State; what a *Stream* of *Vengeance* may incorrigible Vice expect to have pour'd on her, out of the Cup of his Indignation, in the *future*, to *Virtue moſt rejoicing*, but to *her inexpreſſibly*, nay *inconceivably* horrible Day of *univerſal, equitable* Deciſion? The *Chaſtiſements* therefore, of the ſupreme Diſpoſer of Events, for abounding Immorality, ſeem to be the *moſt effectual* Means to curb the *wild Career* of Sin, and teach Men that *moſt important* of Leſſons, the Leſſon of *Righteouſneſs*.

That the ſupreme Being, in the Courſe of his providential Government, *will* deal *thus*, with an *irreligious* People, is the Voice of ſacred Scripture, declaring, that *he will give them that are wicked to the Sword, turn a fruitful Land into Barrenneſs*

for

for the Wickedneſs of them that dwell therein; and that *for her Tranſgreſſions ſhall a Land mourn, and every one therein ſhall languiſh.*

And does not God's having puniſh'd Men, in an *exemplary* Manner, for their *flagrant*, *public* Crimes, in *former* Ages of the World, *plainly* indicate the Fate of a Nation, in which Vice is *popular*? When the *whole* Earth was tainted by the Infection of Sin, the Almighty open'd wide the Mouth of the watery World, and commiſſion'd an overflowing, impetuous *Deluge* to overwhelm, and ſweep away her Inhabitants. How *fierce* did his Anger burn againſt the deteſtable Cities of *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, when he reduc'd them to a ſmoaking Wreck by a Shower of ſulphureous Fire from Heaven! And when his own People, the *Jews*, rebell'd againſt him, did they not *conſtantly* feel the *Scourge* of his *wrathful Rod*; being viſited with *Famines*, *Peſtilences*, or given up a *Prey* to the *devouring Sword* of their Enemies? Theſe are, *all*, *ſtriking* Admonitions to a Nation laden with Iniquity; and call upon it, with *loud*, and *united* voice, to *repent*, leſt upon *it*, *likewiſe*, incenſed Omnipotence pour down his *Vengeance*.

When

When we ſurvey, with Attention, the Manners of *BRITAIN*, a *ſtartling* and *gloomy* Scene, a Scene, which may excite *Wonder* and *Pity*, preſents itſelf. It muſt wound *deep* a heart, concern'd for the *Happineſs* and *Safety* of its *Country*, and the Cauſe of *Righteouſneſs*, to ſee *Religion* lie *bleeding*, and *Virtue* upon the Point of *expiring*; *Vice*, their Enemy, eſtabliſhing her *baneful Empire*, and reigning *triumphant*. Has not a Train of Crimes, of a *deep* Dye, overſpread the Face of our Nation?

To what a *deplorable* Degree, does *ſoft*, *effeminate Luxury* prevail amongſt us! Are not *expenſive* Methods of gratifying the *bodily Appetites*, enervating the *Mind*, enfeebling the *Conſtitution*, and inflaming the *Paſſions*, almoſt *daily* invented? And does not a Circle of *Amuſements*, that tend to diſſipate ſerious Thought, often to taint the innocent Mind and corrupt the Morals of the Age, or are the introductory Scenes to the Commiſſion of *foul*, *ſhocking* Immoralities, does not, I ſay, a Circle of *ſuch Entertainments* engroſs almoſt the *whole Attention*, and abſorb the *greateſt* Part of the *Time* of *Multitudes* in the Land? 'Tis, on account of this *ſplendid*

Luxury,

Luxury, theſe *gay Scenes* of *Pleaſure*, that we ſtile ourſelves a *Polite* Nation. But ſurely our Notions of *Politeneſs* are very *erroneous*. For it is *then only* we can be *truly* call'd a *Polite* People, when our *Tempers* are *poliſh'd* and *refin'd*, and our *Conduct* ſhines *diſtinguiſh'd* by the *ſteady Practice* of a *ſublime* and *univerſal Virtue*.

Does not *Infidelity* lift up her Head amongſt us, with an *Impudence*, incapable of being *abaſh'd*? Is it not become a *faſhionable* Extravagance, nay reputed a Mark of *Wit*, and a *genteel Accompliſhment* by Numbers in the Nation, to *ridicule*, as *romantic Dreams* and the Creatures of *Fancy*, the *highly reaſonable*, the *momentous* Doctrines and Duties, both of *natural* and *revealed* Religion? Is not the *ſocial Worſhip* of the Deity, ſo *neceſſary* to keep *alive* amongſt us, a Senſe of *God* and *Religion*, and maintain the *Harmony* and *Happineſs* of *Society*, ſpoken of, with *Contempt*, as *inſignificant*, nay *hurtful*? And how many are there in our Land, who, though they don't proceed ſo far, as *openly* to *deride* the *public Worſhip* of the Creator and Governour of the Univerſe, yet *undermine* and *diſcountenance* it, by *neglecting* to join in paying him *ſocial Homage*, for which *Rea-*

ſon

ſon ſtrongly pleads, and which *Revelation expreſly* enjoins? This *profane* Temper of *ſcoffing* at Things *ſacred*, ſo *prevalent* amongſt us, *plainly* beſpeaks an *extreme* Corruption of Manners in the Nation.

With what *audacious*, *unwarrantable* Liberty do we uſe the *venerable* Name of that *Omnipotent* Being, who can ſhake the mighty Pillars of Heaven and Earth! Has not the *impious* Practice of *Swearing* in *common Converſation*, a Diſhonour to us as *Men*, a *foul* Stain in our Character as *Chriſtians*, a Violation of all the Rules of *Civility*, has not, I ſay, this *impious*, *horrid* Practice, like an *epidemical Diſtemper*, ſpread itſelf *far* and *wide*, and infected our *Magiſtrates*, even our Miniſters of the *Goſpel*, to the *great Reproach* of their *ſacred* Character, and the *Injury* of fair *Virtu's* Cauſe, our *Soldiery*, to a *notorious* Degree, and, in ſhort, *all Ranks* and *Orders* of Men amongſt us? *Alarming* Truth! May not a contemn'd God *juſtly* weild the Thunder of Heaven, and ſmite for ſuch *overflowing*, *daring* Impiety? Conſider *this*, O *Britain*! and *tremble*.

How many are there in our Land, who, giving up the Reins to their Appetites, are devoted

devoted to a Courſe of *odious, unmanly Intemperance*!

How many, who *riot*, and allow themſelves an *unbounded* Scope in *ſordid Senſuality*, which *debaſes* our *diſtinguiſhing Powers*, *eclipſes* the Light of the Underſtanding, and *enervates* the Conſtitution! O *Innocence*! O *Modeſty*! *fair Siſters*! how often are your *Banks* broke down by the Violence of *unbridled ſenſual Appetite*; a *rapid Torrent* of *Debauchery ruſhing* in, upon the Breach! Are not *many*, of the numerous Tribe of our *Libertines* and *Debauchees*, ſo far hardened in their *Licentiouſneſs*, ſo far loſt to a Senſe of *Virtue*, *Modeſty*, *Decency*, as even to *boaſt* of their *black*, *infamous* Scenes of *Lewdneſs*? Sad Proof! that *Reaſon's Eye* is, in a *great* Meaſure, *extinguiſh'd*, and the *amiable Image* of the *Deity*, originally ſtamp'd upon the Mind, *almoſt*, if not *entirely*, *obliterated*.

Does *amiable Benevolence*, which, as *peculiarly* adapted to the Genius of the *Goſpel*, reflects the *brighteſt Luſtre* upon the *chriſtian Character*, and is the *principal* Source, from which the Happineſs of *Society* flows, ſhine with a *conſtant*, *tranſcendent* Radiancy in our Lives? Too manifeſt it

is

is from Experience, that a *bitter, factious* Spirit, and *foul, rancorous* Paſſions, from which *bleeding* Chriſtianity receives the *deepeſt* Wounds, *frequently* uſurp the Place of this *highly important, illuſtrious, godlike* Virtue, and prevail, to the almoſt *utter Extirpation* of the implanted Seeds of *generous* Affections.

How often is *fair Truth*, a Duty of *indiſpenſible* Obligation, and one of the *firmeſt* Bands of Society, *infring'd* in our mutual Converſe!

Is the *inviolable* Law of *Juſtice inflexibly* adher'd to in our Tranſactions with each other? Are not *frequent Depredations* committed in our Land, with the *greateſt Boldneſs*, by the *ſwarming Sons* of *Violence*?

This our *complicated* national Guilt is *not* a little *heighten'd*, by the *many* Inſtances amongſt us, of the Commiſſion, in *Defiance* of Laws *human* and *divine*, of that *moſt foul, pernicious, aggravated* of Crimes, *Murder*, at *even* the *Thought* of which *ſhock'd Humanity ſtarts* back with *Horror*, and which cries with *loudeſt* Voice to the *ſupreme, equitable* Avenger of Iniquity, for the Infliction of moſt *exemplary* Puniſhment.

And

And what *greatly* deepens the Dye of the Nation's *overflowing* Wickedneſs is, its being committed againſt the *brighteſt* Light, the *moſt eminent* Advantages for attaining an *exalted* Pitch of *every* Virtue, and a *Profuſion* of the *greateſt temporal* Bleſſings. How *black* and *monſtrous* does our *Ingratitude* appear, when we thus view our *abounding* Corruption through the *Medium* of the *Mercies indulgent* Heaven has ſo *liberally* ſhed upon us!

View this *foul*, *wide*, *heart-affecting* Scene of Guilt, (which, though *extremely dark* and *horrible*, has *not* been painted in *ſtronger* Colours, than *Experience* demonſtrates to be *real*, nor extended *ſo far*, as, conſiſtent with *Truth*, it might have been, by a more *minute* Detail) *view* it, ye *Sons* and *Daughters* of *Britain*, with *Attention*, and *then* judge, what we may *reaſonably* expect, from the *almighty*, *juſt* Ruler of Nations, if we *obſtinately perſiſt* in our *Vices*. Don't theſe *numerous* Enormities, that have defil'd our Land, call *aloud* for *Vengeance*? Have we not *Reaſon*, *apparent* Reaſon to dread a *ſevere* Viſitation from *provok'd* Heaven? May not the God of *Battles juſtly* make our Enemies *ride* over our *Heads*, and give us up, a Sacrifice, to the

Edge

Edge of the *deſtroying Sword*, which is *now* unſheath'd, and pointed at *us*? Would to God the Inhabitants of *Britain* would *ſeriouſly* conſider the *great* Danger, that hangs over them, from their *implacable* Enemies, becauſe of the *Prevalence* of *Wickedneſs* amongſt them.

The Providence of God (be the Voice of his *Praiſe* ſounded *through* the Nation; let the Flame of *Gratitude* warm *every* Breaſt) has, in the Courſe of the *bloody* War, in which we are engag'd, crown'd our Arms with a *Series* of *ſignal* Victories, and fruſtrated a *late* Attempt of our Enemies to *invade* our Land, and ſpread among us the *Horrors* and *dire Miſeries* of *deſolating* War, by delivering them, a *Prey*, into our Hands. How *remarkably* has the Hand of *Omnipotence* turn'd the Scale of Succeſs in *our* Favour! What a *gloomy* and *diſmal* Aſpect did our *public* Affairs wear, in the *Beginning* of the War! Our Arms *ſhameful Cowardice* ſtain'd. Faction, *bitter* Faction *rent* our *Councils*. Our Country *bled*. Her Enemies *triumph'd* in her *Sufferings*, and *Ignominy*. Behold *now* the *black Clouds* of *public Diſtreſs* diſſipated by the *bright Sunſhine* of *ſignal Proſperity*! *Smiling Joy* has ſucceeded *louring Heavineſs*.

Aided

Aided by the *Almighty's* Arm, our Troops have *plung'd* their *intrepid* Sword into the *Vitals* of *aspiring Gaul's* Constitution.

But what Influence have the *many* and *extraordinary* Successes, vouchsaf'd us, had upon us? Have we been thereby melted into *Repentance*, and allur'd to the Observance of the *divine Laws*? Have we not continu'd abandon'd to *Vice*, under the national Blessings overruling Mercy has *shower'd* into our Lap? Does not Iniquity *still* rage amongst us? Ah *Heaven-favour'd Britain!* how *little* hast thou been influenc'd, by that *continu'd* Stream of *Mercy*, which has flown *profuse* to thee, from the *exuberant*, *unexhausted* Fountain, to wash away thy *deep* and *widely diffused* Stain of Guilt! See Vice almost *every where* stamp'd upon thee, in *strong* Characters! *Characters*, which speak to *all* thy Sons and *Daughters* a Language *emphatically* terrible. For if neither the *gentler* Strokes of God's *avenging Rod*, will *reclaim* us from our *Extravagancies*, nor *signal*, *repeated* Displays of *overflowing Mercy win* us to the Practice of *Virtue*, what in *Reason* can we expect, but that the *Almighty* will *stretch out* his *angry* Hand, and make his Judgments *thunder horrible* amongst us? Would to

God

God the Nation would *awake* out of her *deep* Sleep, *inſtantly* ply *every Oar* to check the Stream of *prevailing Iniquity*, exert *every Nerve* to bring about a *public Reformation*, and eſtabliſh *fair Virtu's* Empire, leſt *wearied Long-Suffering* gird on his *tremendous* Sword, and *Deſolation*, like a *black Whirlwind*, ruſh *furious* upon her. Can we *reaſonably* preſume that Heaven will *ſtill ſmile propitious* upon us, and make us *Victorious* over our Enemies, if our Land *continues* polluted by a *Flood* of *Wickedneſs*? Notwithſtanding the preſent *pleaſing* Countenance of our public Affairs, *without* a Reformation of Manners, we can have no *juſt* Ground to hope for the *Continuance* of the *Proſperity* of onr Arms, and the *Safety* of *Britain*.

But if we *baniſh* our *Vices* from amongſt us, we may be *aſſured* the Ruler of the World will lay *aſide* the *avenging Thunderbolt*, and *ſheath* the *flaming* Sword of his *Juſtice*. If we be *obedient*, he will *continue* to us the Enjoyment of our *invaluable Priviledges*. The *merciful Father* of the Univerſe will not let fly the Arrows of his *Vengeance* upon a Nation, *without* Neceſſity. In *puniſhing* he delights *not*. If we will *throw down* the *Arms* of *Rebellion*, and become

come his *dutiful* Children, he will *ſtill* vouchſafe us his Favour and Protection. When God had threatn'd to deſtroy *abandon'd Nineveh*, and fixed the Time of her Overthrow, upon her *wiſely hearkening* to the *awful* Warning given her, and *turning* from her *evil Ways*, he *forbore* to *ſtrike* and *ſpared* her. How *bright* and *illuſtrious* does the *Mercy* of Heaven *ſhine* in his *gracious* Language to his *ſtubborn* People, the *Jews*! How *affectionately* does he exhort them to *Repentance*, as the Means of averting his *Judgments*! How *unwilling* is he to execute upon them the *Fierceneſs* of his *Anger*! And, when *Virtue* dawn'd and prevailed amongſt them, he *conſtantly* crowned them with *Proſperity*.

Conſidering likewiſe the *conſummate Wiſdom* and *unbounded Benevolence* of the Deity, which aſſure us, that he will uſe *every* proper Means to promote the *ſupreme Felicity* of his intelligent Creatures, and ſecure the *Obſervation* of his Laws, with which their *Happineſs* is *inſeparably* connected, we may with the *higheſt* Reaſon conclude, that on *virtuous* Communities, which can *only* be rewarded, as *ſuch*, in the *preſent* World, he will confer *temporal Bleſſings*.

And

And the Truth of this is evinc'd by the explicit Doctrine of holy Scripture, asserting, that *Righteousness exalteth a Nation.* It not only has a *natural Tendency* to promote the *Order* and *Well-Being* of a *Society*, but procures for it the *Favour* and *Protection* of all-governing Heaven. *Virtue* therefore, *public* Virtue *shall* be recompens'd with *temporal* Blessings by her *almighty Friend*, and be *safe* under the Shadow of his protecting Wings.

And is it not, *Britons*, a *cogent* Motive to relinquish our Immoralities, that this is the *Means*, the *certain*, the *only* Means of averting *desolating* Judgments, that *threaten* our *dear* Mother-Country, and preserving our *salutary Laws*, our *Liberty*, our *Reformed Religion*? Will we not *chearfully* struggle, and exert our most *vigorous* Efforts, to secure these our national Blessings, to prevent our *groaning* under the *severe* Lash of *arbitrary* Power, to save our *happy, enlightened* Land from being *darkened* by the *thick* Night of *Popish* Ignorance, and *plung'd* into the *enormous* Gulf of *horrid Superstition*? Will not these impending *Plagues* awaken our *Fear*, and deter us from our *Sins*? Are not our many singular *Mercies* Allurements *sufficient* to excite

excite our *Deſire*, and induce us to our *Duty?* Need I ſuggeſt *more* forcible Motives to a Reformation of Conduct, taken from that *dreadful*, *pleaſing* Eternity, which lies before us, and into whoſe boundleſs Ocean we *all* expect *ſhortly* to lanch? Is it not one of the *greateſt temporal* Bleſſings, to be ſwayed by the Sceptre of *Juſtice* and *Lenity?* And is it not an Advantage *eminently* conducive to our *eternal* Felicity, to enjoy the Light of the Goſpel, ſhining in its *pureſt* Luſtre, *uneclipſed* by the *dark* Veil of *Popiſh* Principles, ſome of which are ſubverſive of *all righteous* Practice? Let us therefore (as we value our *ſignal* Privileges, and would not draw dawn upon our Heads the moſt *dreadful* of Judgments) *concur*, *concur* with the *warmeſt* Zeal and Ardour, in baniſhing *Vice*, the *Reproach* and *Ruin* of a Nation, from amongſt us, and raiſing the *drooping* Head of *bleeding* Religion, by abandoning *all* our Irregularities, and *inflexibly* practiſing *every* Virtue Chriſtianity enjoins. *Then*, may we be *aſſured*, the great Governour of Kingdoms, who has hitherto made *bare* his *mighty* Arm for us, will *ſtill* ward off the *mercileſs* Blow, aimed at us, by the *Blood-thirſty* Sons of *ambitious*, *perfidious* France, and make the Arms of

Britain

Britain ſucceſsful and triumphant, till the deſtroying Sword, which has already drank the Blood of Thouſands, be *ſheathed*, and *Peace*, *ſweet*, *deſirable* Peace ſpreads her *balmy*, *benign* Wings over us.

VERSES

VERSES

Comprising ſome of the principal Sentiments, ſuggeſted in the preceding Diſcourſe.

TO ſtem Corruption's overflowing Tide,
Heaven's Judgments oft roar aloud, and ſpread wide.
Hark! War, horrid War ſounds th' Alarm to Vice;
Britain, attend to the great Thund'rer's Voice!
To guard public Virtue, he has decreed;
But harden'd, epidemical Guilt ſhall bleed.
Wake then, thou now proſp'rous Iſle! trembling ſee
Baneful Sin, Contagion-like, o'erſpread thee!
Thy Sons, melted in Luxury's Arms, ſurvey!
Lo! they ſwim in lewd Pleaſur's poiſ'nous Sea.
Hear Curſing dreadful ſound from Shore to Shore!
Hear bold Unbelief wound Religion ſore!
When theſe Vices impudent, fearleſs reign,
With Robb'ry, Murder, Perj'ry, blackeſt Train,
What Wonder, if, thus ripe for the dread Blow,
On thee Indignation's Cup ſhould o'erflow?
Long haſt thou drank of Sov'reign Mercie's Stream,
Long been happy under Heaven's chearing Beam.
But will the Stream e'er flow, and Thunder ſleep
O'er thee, with black, numerous Crimes ſtain'd deep?
To whet his bright Sword, will tir'd Patience riſe,
And ſhow'r his flaming Vengeance from the Skies.

By Repentance, therefore, ſpeedy, ſincere,
T' avert the angry Storm, be this thy Care.
Of Vice, a People's Bane, ev'ry Track efface;
Let am'able Virtue wide her Empire raiſe.
Then will governing Heaven be ſtill thy Friend,
And with his mighty Wing thee ſafe defend;
Then ſhall thy Face ne'er bluſh with War-ſpilt Blood;
Thy highly favour'd Lap ſhall teem with Good;
The Proteſtant Religion keep her Ground,
Unalarm'd by War's terrifying Sound;
Liberty ſmile ſweet; proud Gaul thirſt in vain,
To rivet on thy Neck her iron Chain.

A PRAYER, adapted to the Occaſion.

O *Univerſal*, and moſt *gracious* Parent! Thou art a Being *abſolutely* perfect, and *tranſcendantly* amiable. The Excellencies of thy Character ſurpaſs all our Ideas. Thou createdſt this immenſe Univerſe, and by thee is it upheld in that moſt *beautiful* Harmony we behold. Thou ſuperintendeſt *univerſal* Nature. *All*, even ſuch as are *improperly* called *accidental* Events, are brought about by the Hand of thy overruling Providence. By producing Incidents unforeſeen by human Wiſdom, thou frequently fruſtrateſt the beſt laid Deſigns, and moſt promiſing Expectations, rendering ſuperior Swiftneſs unſucceſsful in the Race, and making a few victorious over a ſtrong and numerous Army. All *natural* Cauſes are only *Inſtruments* in thy all-directing Hand of fulfilling thy *wiſe* and *gracious* Purpoſes. By influencing them, thou puniſheſt degenerate Communities with Judgments, and crowneſt virtuous Societies with temporal Bleſſings. Even the *human Mind*, as well as the Springs of Events in the *natural* World, is ſubject to thy Direction. Thou cauſeſt *Harmony*, or *Diſcord*, in public Councils.

Thou

Thou *perplexeſt* and *intimidateſt*, or inſpireſt with *Wiſdom* and *Bravery*. All the Bleſſings we enjoy, both *private* and *public*, are derived from the *overflowing*, *inexhauſtible* Goodneſs of thy Providence.

We acknowledge, O God, with Minds, impreſſed with a *deep* Senſe of thy Goodneſs, that our Land has been the Object of thy *diſtinguiſhing* Bleſſing and Protection. And, with Hearts, *ſtreaming* out with Gratitude, we offer thee our *warmeſt* Praiſes for the *ſignal* and *numerous* Privileges we are favoured with. We thank thee for that mild and well conſtituted Government, under which we live; for the *ineſtimable* Bleſſings of *Liberty* and *Peace*, which we enjoy, in ſo *eminent* a Degree. We magnify thy Name for preſerving amongſt us the *Proteſtant* Religion, againſt the repeated Attempts of our *implacable* Enemies to bring *Popiſh Darkneſs* upon us. With *grateful* Minds we bleſs thy Goodneſs to us, in crowning our Arms, in the Courſe of the preſent War, with a Series of ſuch *extraordinary* Victories over our Adverſaries, and diſappointing their *late* Effort to invade our Land, and rob us of our *invaluable* Enjoyments.

We

We reflect, O Lord, with the *heartiest* Contrition, upon our *base* Ingratitude to thee, the Source of our *many* and *great* Mercies. We have not been influenced to the Observance of thy Laws, either by the *milder Scourges* of thy correcting Rod, or the *overflowing Streams* of thy Goodness. We confess, with the *deepest* Remorse, that an almost *universal* Corruption of Manners abounds in our Land; that *enormous Luxury* prevails amongst us; that an *irreverent* Use of thy *awful* Name has infected *all* Orders and Degrees of Men; that an *open Contempt* of *Religion*, a *gross Neglect* of thy *public Worship*, *Intemperance*, and *Sensuality* have polluted our Nation. For our Sins, O God, thou mayest *justly* smite us with the *Sword*, and punish us with *severe* Calamities.

But we pray, O most *gracious* Father, that thou wilt extend thy Mercy to our *degenerate* Land. Avert, we humbly beseech thee, those Judgments, which our *numerous* and *aggravated* Offences deserve. Save us from the *dreadful* Miseries of *Popery* and *arbitrary* Power. Thy Goodness to us has shone *illustrious* in working *remarkable* Deliverances for us in *former* Days, and in our *late* Successes, grant, O God, that we may *not* forfeit thy Blessing

and

and Protection, by our obſtinate Impenitence. Diſpoſe and enable us all, we entreat thee, to correct the Diſorders of our *Minds*, and the Irregularities of our *Conduct*. Baniſh *Luxury* from amongſt us. May thy *holy Name* be *duly* revered, and thy *ſocial Worſhip regularly* frequented. Give an effectual Check to profane *Scoffing* at Things *ſacred*, and the *immoderate, irregular* Purſuit of *ſenſual* Pleaſure. May the *ſtartling* Crimes of *Theft*, *Perjury*, and *Murder* no more ſhew their Heads in our Land. That we may *ſtill* be the Objects of thy *favourable Regard*, and enjoy the *invaluable* Bleſſings of *Liberty*, and the *Proteſtant* Religion, which thou haſt hitherto been graciouſly pleaſed to continue to us, may we allow the *pure Doctrines* of Chriſtianity to influence us to the *uniform* Obſervance of its ſacred and ſublime *Precepts*. May we attend to the Voice of thy Judgments, and be thereby engaged to walk in the Paths of *Virtue*. May *every* one of us exert *all* his Power, to ſuppreſs *Vice*, the *Diſhonour*, and *Bane* of a Nation, and introduce a *flouriſhing* State of *Religion*, the *Ornament*, and the *Source* of the *Happineſs* of a People.

Thy Goodneſs has beſtowed upon us the *great Bleſſing* of being ruled by a Prince,

who

who is the Patron of *Liberty* and the *Proteſtant* Religion; long preſerve, we beſeech thee, his important Life. Aſſiſt him in managing the Reins of Government. Grant him Senators *wiſe*, and *zealous* for the *Happineſs* of the Nation. May *ſalutary* Meaſures be concerted, for the Security of our valuable Privileges; and may all, engaged in the Execution of them, be *faithful*, and *vigorous*. May Victory ſtill crown *his* Arms, and thoſe of his able *Ally*. And when it ſhall pleaſe thee to put an End to the preſent War, vouchſafe us, O God, an *advantageous* and *permanent* Peace. May we *all*, in our ſeveral Stations, endeavour, to the *utmoſt* of our Power, to promote the Intereſt of our Sovereign's *mild* and *equitable* Reign. And may theſe Kingdoms be happy, in being governed by a Branch of that illuſtrious Family, to *remoteſt* Years.

We pray, with that Spirit of *ardent*, *unconquerable* Benevolence, required by Chriſtianity, for the Reformation of our *Enemies*. Tame their lawleſs Ambition.

We beg, O gracious Parent of the Univerſe, that thou wilt promote the *ſupreme Felicity* of *all Mankind*. May *Truth* and *Righteouſneſs univerſally* triumph over *Error* and *Vice*.——Grant theſe our Requeſts, O moſt merciful Father, we humbly beſeech thee in the Name of our Redeemer *Jeſus Chriſt*, with whoſe Model of Prayer we conclude our Supplications. *Our Father*, &c.

THE END